

She Ain't You

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She Ain't You by gazebozeddie

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Summary:

Bill is in the closet and seems to only be dating girls that remind him of Stan.

(based off the song She Ain't You by New Hollow)

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Author's Note:

you can find this on my tumblr gazeboSeddie

The glue that once been holding the Losers Club together seemed to be fading and they were slowly drifting apart. They had tried so hard to stay together, but after that summer things had changed. Not right away, of course, but eventually. And by high school, they only spoke with their eyes or a simple 'hello' while passing by in the halls. High school was full of cliques and everyone seemed to fit in one, you couldn't avoid it. Once high school arrived, Bill found himself hanging around the jocks since he had made the football team.

At least there's one friendly face, he had thought when he saw Mike was also apart of the team. "I guess this makes us cool now," Bill had said. Mike had only shrugged at his statement, neither one really cared about the popularity. He was positive that the two of them had joined the team for two different reasons. His parents had barely looked at him when he said he was trying out for the team. What hurt the most was knowing his parents would never look him in the eyes again.

That summer brought chills down Bill's back every time he thought about it. He was lost in thought that he didn't notice his little brother, Georgie, silently entering his room. "Billy?" Bill was sat at his desk, looking out the window. It had been a rainy day like this when Georgie had gone missing. He had been gone for so long that Bill's parents had given up hope, but Bill never did. The Losers Club had fought against Pennywise, they had won. They had found Georgie, barely alive. Clinging to life. Bill always wondered why It hadn't killed Georgie and how Georgie managed to survive.

The entire club was hesitant at first, as they should be.

Bill held onto Georgie's raincoat with a strong grip, as if it would disappear if he let go. Tears fell from his eyes, soon sobs ripped through his body and the Losers pressed themselves against him in a hug. It didn't make him feel any better, but at least they were trying. That's all he could

ask of his friends.

“B-Billy?” A weak voice called out. If Bill had been any louder he wouldn’t have been able to hear it. As if on cue, the entire club looked up to find the source of the voice. The voice sounded just like Georgie, but Bill knew he was dead. So he looked back down at the raincoat in his hands

“B-Bill?” Stan gripped his arm with one hand and lifted his head with the other. “Look,” Stan’s voice was barely a whisper. Bill had to squint to see a figure in the distance struggling to sit up, its face against the ground. It was wiggling, like some kind of worm. Bill slowly rose to his feet to get a better look.

“Georgie!”

“Billy?” His name was repeated. Finally, he looked away from his window and at his brother. He took in the image of his brother like he always did. He was a few years older now, three years older. Bill couldn’t believe how much his little brother had grown in those three years. He was about an inch taller, he was losing the last of his baby teeth, and he was, of course, missing one arm. He was reminded every time that he saw his brother that he hadn’t been there to help him when he needed him most.

“Yuh-Yuh-Yeah, G-G-Georgie?” Curse his stutter. He had always hated it. But he had to admit that it was getting a bit better since they had found Georgie.

“Mom said she wants you to drive me to school,” Georgie smiled. He always enjoyed Bill dropping him off. He had missed Bill when he was gone for so long. He had barely survived, eating scraps of whatever food Pennywise had given him. To this day, Georgie still didn’t know why It had pitied him and fed him. He thought Pennywise had wanted to fatten him up, but maybe that wasn’t the case. Who knew. Georgie wasn’t the same after that summer, none of them were.

“Ar-are your r-ready?” Georgie nodded and held up his Superman lunchbox. He was Georgie’s favorite superhero, but Bill preferred Spiderman.

Once Georgie was dropped off, it was Bill's turn to go to school. It wasn't that he hated school because he didn't. He just didn't want to be there. He wasn't the biggest fan of school. It reminded him of how he was no longer friends with the people he once called his second family. He parked in his usual spot, turned off the engine, and sat there. He still had time to kill before the first bell rang and he didn't want to be too early. Bill began to do one of his favorite activities, people watching. He was looking for a particular person. The same person he always kept a look out for at any time of the day. Stanley Uris.

They had been friends, really good friends. But one day, Bill couldn't recall exactly which day, they stopped talking. Along with the rest of the Losers Club. Bill felt guilty about it all, it was all his fault after all. He was the one that made them go into the sewers, he's the one that made they face off against Pennywise. He couldn't really blame them.

He spotted him, walking to school, under an umbrella, with one of his new friends. They were in a bird watching club together, but that's all Bill knew about their friendship. If he were, to be honest, he had been harboring a crush on his old friend since before that summer. Derry was a small town. A small, racist, homophobic town. If anyone were to find out about Bill's crush, he would be an outcast in the town he grew up in. So, he dated girls to keep up an image that just wasn't him. And to fill the void. No matter how many girls he dated, he still wasn't attracted to any of them. He felt kind of bad for using them but he had to or else people would talk.

Once he was out of Derry, he'd be free to live his life. He'd move to a community that was more accepting of each other. But until then, he was stuck in this small town. He watched the rain hit his window and roll down the side of his car. He let out a sigh. He was starting to regret letting Georgie have his umbrella because he had forgotten his at home. He put his keys into his hoodie pocket, pulled up his hood, and ran from his car to the entrance of the school, locking his car on the way.

Once he was inside, he took his hood off and shook the rain out of the hair that had been exposed. "Billy Boy!" One of his football

friends, Troy, greeted him by slapping his hand against his back. If he hadn't worked out like he had been for football, that slap would have sent him flying. But instead, he barely reacted. "I heard Carly's looking for ya. Something about Jessie's party last weekend." Troy gave him a nudge and a suggestive smirk. But nothing had happened, he had only kissed her.

"O-oh, yeah?" Bill wondered what she could possibly want him for. He had been dating her for about a month. She was a cheerleader, perfect grade, a great smile. Dark eyes and dark curly hair. Bill had somewhat of a type, he supposed. All of the girls he had dated, which were only three and he had never done the breaking up, reminded him of Stan in some sort of way. There was Stacey, who was in the bird watching club with Stan. She looked nothing like Stan. But their names almost sounded the same and they were both interested in birds.

Then there was Erica, who was one of the smartest girls in their grade and one of the quietest. She competed with Stan on more than one occasion when it came to grades. Ben and Mike, too. Erica had basically said that Bill wasn't smart enough for her, but she didn't actually come out and say it. It wasn't entirely his fault that he favored English class over science.

Now he was dating Carly, whose looks reminded him of Stan and her grades as well. But that was where the comparisons ended. Carly was...well, Carly. She was popular and she knew it. She strutted the halls and let everyone know when she entered a room. She wasn't mean or rude, Bill could never stand anyone who was. She was nice, helpful even. She tutored underclassmen and helped the teachers when she could. She did all that, on top of being head cheerleader and homecoming queen.

"She said to meet her outside of homeroom," Troy grinned before patting Bill on the back one last time and walking off in another direction to meet up with some other friends. What could she want? A million things popped into Bill's head and he found himself getting even more nervous as he took each step.

After what seemed like an eternity, Bill found Carly waited outside homeroom like Troy said she would be. "Hey," she greeted with a

smile before placing a kiss on his cheek.

“H-hey,” Bill smiled back. “T-Troy said you w-were looking for m-me?” Bill was proud of himself for barely stuttering.

“Yeah,” Carly suddenly looked sad. Like what she was about to say was going to shatter everything. “I’m sorry, Bill, but I have so much going on and I feel like I’m not giving you enough. I’m always so busy and that’s not fair to you, you deserve so much better.”

Bill let a soft smile spread across his lips before kissing Carly’s forehead. “I understand,” he said softly, without a single stutter. “Junior year is tough. I haven’t been giving you much time either.” This break up felt so easy. “Football is eating up so much of my time and I’m sorry about that.”

“No need to be sorry, Billy. We’re both busy people. I hope we can still be friends though.” She gave him a hopeful look as if he’d say no.

“Yeah, of course.”

Weeks later and Bill was fine, well as fine as he could be. Carly was still nice to him, even hung out with him still. He liked her better as a friend, give the circumstances. She was nice and helped him with homework. They studied in the library and at Bill’s house. The longer he spent time with her, the more she reminded him of Stan. They both bit their lip when they were nervous, they both pointed out random things (Stan usually pointed out birds and Carly pointed at clouds), and both had neat curly hair that Bill wanted to run his hands through.

*She’s got your hair
And she’s got your eyes*

She’d never be him though, Bill knew that. He sat outside during lunch break and sat against his favorite tree. He could see other students enjoying their lunches and it was the perfect spot to draw. He pulled a brown colored pencil from his supplies and began to draw small curls. They began to grow bigger as he concentrated on

his drawing.

“Are you drawing me?” A voice in front of him asked. He looked up to see Carly. She sat down and began to unpack her stuff before he could answer her. “I’m joking,” she smiled. “Continue drawing, I’ll leave you be.” He couldn’t continue now, she’d know he was drawing Stan.

“N-no, its fine,” Bill grinned before shutting his sketchbook. “I don’t mind.” He made a note to grab an extra Oreo after school for not stuttering. Well, at least he didn’t stutter a lot. “How’s life?” he asked with an eyebrow raised.

“Good,” she smiled. She pulled a sandwich from a plastic baggie, Bill could smell the peanut butter from where he was sitting. “Lots of homework, same old. Thought about who you’re taking to homecoming?” She asked the questions so casually as if they hadn’t been dating just a week ago. Bill could only shake his head, he knew his voice would betray him. It wasn’t that he was lying, but he had imagined slow dancing with a certain curly haired boy several times. “You wouldn’t mind if I went with Mike, would you? I know you’re friends and I didn’t want there to be-”

“It’s fine,” Bill smiled. And he meant it too. He had always secretly thought that the two would make a better couple than the two of them had ever made. “You’d have an amazing time with him.”

“What about you?”

“W-what about m-me?” He had already said he hadn’t thought about asking anyone to homecoming.

“Who would you want to go to homecoming with? I’ll help you get a date!” Curse her for trying to be helpful. He didn’t really want a date, he’d much rather not go. “Come on, Billy, there’s gotta be someone.”

“I think I might skip honestly. Georgie is always complaining I never spend time with him anymore.” It wasn’t exactly lying, Georgie was always complaining. “Plus, there’s always next year.”

Carly was quiet for a long moment, she wasn’t looking at him

anymore. Instead, she was looking past him at something. Or someone. Bill didn't turn around to see. "Billy?" she asked softly.

"Hm?"

"Are you-do you..." She paused to think, she still wasn't looking at him. "Do you not like girls?"

Bill's eyes went wide at the question. "W-w-w-what m-m-makes you s-s-say th-that?"

"You didn't put your all into our relationship, you were content with the breakup, and now you're okay with me going to the dance with Mike." Bill didn't say anything in return, he could feel his cheeks growing warm. What was he supposed to say? Was he supposed to deny it all? "Don't worry, Billy. I won't say anything to anyone." He believed her, but that didn't stop him from panicking.

He quickly gathered up his stuff and stuffed it into his bag. "I gotta go, please don't follow me." He packed up the last of his art supplies before giving her one last look. "I believe you when you say you won't tell, but I need a minute." Again, no stutter. He got up and quickly made his way inside. He crossed the cafeteria and out the doors and to the bathroom. He splashed water on his face then gripped the sink.

She won't tell anyone, he thought to himself. He knew she wouldn't. But fear had a way of creeping its way into the back of his head. What if it got out? What if everyone knew about him being gay? What if everyone found out about his crush on Stan? What if Stan found out? What if he found out and was disgusted? Bill couldn't stop the tears that rolled down his cheeks.

"F-fuck!" he said out loud as he looked himself in the mirror. He gathered his things before walking out the bathroom and walking to his next class. He didn't care that he had to wait another five minutes before the bell rang and he could enter his class.

At the end of the day, Bill felt exhausted. Emotionally and physically. He thought about skipping football practice that afternoon. He

needed some time to him. He'd make his decision once he got all of the things he needed out of his locker. He twirled his lock and slid open his locker with ease. The first thing he noticed was a note that had fallen to the ground. He wondered how long it had been there and who it was from. Probably Carly.

He picked up the paper and looked around before unfolding it:

I saw you rushing out of lunch today. I was worried, but it looked like you didn't want to be followed. So I didn't. But text me, okay? - Stan

Stan had left a note along with his number on the piece of paper. Bill's heart began to race. He needed to get out of there. He stuffed the note into his jean's pocket and slammed his locker shut. He kept his head down as he walked past other students. Was he going to text Stan? He was worried about him.

"Bill!" Bill stopped when he heard his name being called. He turned to see a girl from his class, Hannah. He had known her for most of his life since preschool at least. Everyone knew everyone in Derry. Finally, she caught up to him. Her face was growing pink and her blonde hair was all over the place. "I wanted to know if you had a date to homecoming. I know you and Carly broke up, so I was just wondering."

Bill smiled softly at her. He was about to speak when he heard a familiar voice talking nearby. He looked away from Hannah to see Stan walking their way with a friend. He had to get out of there before Stan noticed him. "U-uh, I'm sorry, Hannah. B-but my b-brother Georgie wanted to go mini golfing that night. I p-pr-promised him. I'm really sorry."

Hannah gave him a sad smile but nodded. Everyone knew how Bill was when it came to his little brother. "I understand, I hope you have fun." She kissed his cheek before turning away and walking back towards the way she had come.

He wanted to get out of there right away. He hoped Stan hadn't heard or seen, any of that. He looked over towards his old friend, who still hadn't passed by. Bill could see a blush on Stan's face as he looked down at the ground. He let out a sigh before turning around

and walking out the doors. What had Stan seen? Did he hear any of that? And why was he blushing?

She's got your exact same horoscope sign

She may be pretty

She's something new

Bill thought back to Hannah and her invite to the dance as he lay on his bed. He had yet to text Stan and he felt guilty about it. He just wanted to know how he was doing, but Bill just couldn't face him. Not yet. He pulled his sketchbook and pencils from out of his bag and flipped to the page he had left off at. He held the pencil above his drawing, ready to start where he had left off. But he didn't. He sat like that for what seemed like forever but was about five minutes.

He sighed before dropping the pencil and pulling the note along with his phone out of his pocket. He added Stan into his contact list before sending him a text:

to Stan: Thanks for worrying about me. But I'm fine.

Anxiety gripped at Bill as he waited for a text back. It didn't take long though, only a minute or so.

from Stan: You didn't look fine. Are you sure?

to Stan: Yes, I'm sure. Are you okay?

from Stan: Why are you asking?

to Stan: Just thought I would.

The next text took even longer this time. Bill chewed on his nails as he waited for a text back. It finally came after about ten minutes.

from Stan: So, you're taking Hannah Robbins to the dance?

to Stan: What?

from Stan: I heard her in Chemistry talking about wanting to ask you. Then I saw the two of you in the hall.

to Stan: I have plans that night.

from Stan: Oh.

Bill took a moment to think of what to say. Why did Stan care? He

couldn't help to be at least a little bit hopeful. Maybe Stan liked him back. "No, Bill, he couldn't," he said to himself.

to Stan: With Georgie.

from Stan: How is Georgie?

to Stan: He's good.

Bill waited for another text to come, but it next did. Ten minutes later and he was pacing around his room. His questions were eating at him, he needed to know why Stan cared. He wanted to hold onto that hope.

to Stan: Why do you care if Hannah asked me to the dance?

It took a long while for a reply. Bill had chewed at his finger so much that he started to bleed. He had to get a band-aid to cover it up, and while he was at it he covered all his fingers with band-aids in case he began to bite the other ones. He smiled at the Superman-themed bandages.

He walked back into his room to find that he had a text waiting for him.

from Stan: I was just curious.

to Stan: But why?

from Stan: Bill.

He could almost hear the warning in Stan's voice. But that didn't stop him from asking him once again. This time, instead of a text, he was getting a call from his old friend. "H-hello?" Bill asked once he answered the phone.

"Why do you have to keep asking questions, Bill? I was just wondering. I know it isn't really any of my business but I was curious. But-"

"Stan," Bill cut off Stan's ranting. There was brief silence between the two before Bill spoke up once again, "I'm gay. Georgie does want to spend time with me, so I wasn't completely lying. But I'm gay." It felt nice to actually say it. He knew that Stan wouldn't judge him, they had been friends once. But the nagging feeling was still there in the

back of his head.

There was a long silence before Stan finally spoke, "But you've dated Stacey, Erica, and Carly."

"So? They all asked me out and they all broke up with me. I can't just come out in a town like Derry. I'd be an outcast. My family would hate me." Maybe not Georgie.

It was silent for a moment again. Bill could hear Stan sigh on the other end. "C-can I come over?"

It was Bill's turn to become speechless. Why would Stan want to come over? "U-uh, u-um...sh-sh-sure."

"I'll be over in ten." Before Bill could answer, the line was dead.

Bill paced his room as he waited. He tidied up a bit, closed and hid his sketchbook, and opened his textbook to look like he had been doing homework. He heard the doorbell ring and he rushed from his window to his door and down the stairs. He opened the front door to see a nervous Stan. He didn't say anything, he just walked past him and started to climb the steps to Bill's room. Bill quickly shut the front door and hurried after him.

Once Bill shut the door to his room, the questions began flying. "So, you're gay?" Bill nodded. "Why them?"

Bill raised an eyebrow and looked at his friend. "What?"

"Why them? I've heard of plenty of other girls asking you out and you saying no. Why those three?" Bill couldn't come up with a good enough answer that wasn't the truth, so he just stood there watching his friend pace in the exact spot he had been earlier. "Why them, Bill?" he repeated. He stopped pacing and was now looking at him.

"Be-be-because I don't know!" He really didn't want to talk about this. He wanted to crawl into his bed, pull the covers over his body, and sleep. His answer wasn't good enough for Stan, who just simply rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest. "Be-be-be-be-b-b-" Bill let out an annoyed sigh. Fuck this stupid stutter! He took a deep

breath and looked at everywhere but the boy in front of him. "Because they remind me of you! Because I've been in love with you since we were kids!"

"W-what?"

"I-I'm not re-re-repeating myself." Bill crossed his arms but not before wiping away a tear that had fallen from his eye. He wasn't met with words, but instead music. He looked over to see Stan fiddling with Bill's record player. He then looked at Bill and quietly made his way over to his friend, holding out his hand. Bill's shaky hand took Stan's equally shaky hand.

Stan pulled Bill closer to the middle of the room and placed his arms around Bill's neck, Bill followed suit by placing his hands on Stan's sides. "Since you'll be busy for homecoming," Stan said softly, looking up at Bill. "You won't be able to take me. So, we're dancing now." Stan leaned his head against Bill's shoulder and let out a soft sigh. "They reminded you of me?"

"Yeah," Bill let out a shaky sigh. His nerves were all over the place. "But they aren't you."